

THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A TALE OF WALL STREET AND THE TROPICS

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS.

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CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED

Tuesday General Superintendent Vincent announced that they had overlooked the fact that Monday was recognized in all civilized countries as "wash day." He found upon investigation that the table and chamber linen needed cleaning. He was reluctant to assign anyone to this duty, but offered his services, if he could have an assistant. Mr. Rockwell promptly volunteered. They found a "big wash" ahead of them, but tackled it with cheer and energy. There were no tubs in the bungalow, but there were plenty of large casks, which when cleaned, served as well. Sidney Hammond succeeded in making two fairly effective washboards with a rabbit plane and a piece of hardwood plank. With plenty of soap and hot water the multi-millionaire and the Chicago promoter were soon hard at work.

There was an abundance of rope, and they stretched their clothes lines back of the bungalow. When ready with the first basket of washed linen, they found the lines occupied by parrots and other gaudily plumaged birds, who were disputing possession with a troop of jabbering monkeys. These were driven away, but they returned as soon as the laundrymen were out of sight.

A gray-bearded monkey grabbed a napkin and made for the tallest tree. Vincent arrived just in time to save a tablecloth from being torn to pieces by these banderlogs. It was then decided to hang out no clothes until all of the washing was done, and then to stand guard until it was dried. They accomplished their task before eight o'clock in the morning. Perhaps a scrupulous housewife might have found flaws in their work, but it was "good enough for a man," as Vincent expressed it.

Those who have followed these chronicles of the abducted millionaires, may have noted an absence of complaint or remonstrance at their fate. It is a matter of record that from the time Mr. Morton failed to serve Walter B. Hestor and Capt. Waters from their purpose, the subject of the kidnapping or the incidents connected with it, never were made the subject of discussion. To a man, they accepted the situation which had been thrust upon them, with that imperturbable composure which defies the caprices of fate or circumstance. Every one of the six multi-millionaires had interests at stake hardly to be measured in money, but they preserved an unruffled mien, and deported themselves as if abduction were one of the common events of life, provided for in the table of chances and averages. They talked about New York as if it were a city within easy reach of "Morton Bay" and the Hestor Bungalow, and acted as if on a pleasure trip rather than the marooned victims of a plot.

This air of indifference was not assumed. It was second nature to these men. For more than a generation they had been on the firing line of humanity's most merciless battlefield. They had lived in an atmosphere of tumult. They had waged warfare on the edge of a volcano ever threatening an eruption. They had trained themselves to meet crises with placidity, and to float on the resistless tide of fortune with an even keel; ever alert to take advantage of the first change of wind or weather. Adversity was but an incident to be calmly studied and solved. Of such are the post-graduates of Wall Street.

An incident occurred on Thursday, the 18th of May, which disturbed the even course of events on Social Island.

In the bluish-gray of dawn, six of the colony renewed work on "The Jumping Jupiter." Light, misty clouds obscured the eastern sky and a vapor hung over the lake. As the sun mounted the heavens this fog slowly lifted.

Mr. Rockwell was working on the bow of the boat, laying the flooring which served as a deck. He paused a moment to rest, and looked out toward the black gateway to the bay. Something invited his gaze. He shaded his eyes with his hand.

"What is that?" he exclaimed, pointing in the direction of the rock, where Mr. Pence had so narrow an escape. All eyes were turned to the point indicated by Mr. Rockwell. In the freshening morning breeze, a triangular white flag fluttered from the ledge of rocks.

"What does that mean?" said Sidney. "No one here has placed a flag on that rock."

Mr. Pence and Mr. Haven were at work in the bungalow. They were sent for, but had no knowledge of the flag. No member of the party had been across the bay since Monday. Certain it was that the flag had not been there the preceding day. It was a large white flag and could not have escaped notice.

"Let's investigate this," said Sidney. "It is well to be cautious."

He went to the bungalow and brought back four rifles. Mr. Kent, Mr. Morton and Mr. Vincent were selected to accompany him and they

were soon on the raft and down the bay. They circled around the rock from a distance, but saw no sign of human beings. There seemed to be a pile of boxes and packages on the apex of the rocks.

"We will go in," said Sidney. "Mr. Kent and I will keep a lookout."

Mr. Morton and Vincent pushed the raft forward and they swung in back of the rock. It was low tide. The first thing that attracted their attention was a 15-foot yawl or dingy, well up on the shore, with its painter wrapped around a tree. This boat was brand new; not a scratch showing on its varnished sides. The handles of its four oars showed no traces of having been used. It was such a boat as four men could safely use in ordinary weather, and specially fitted for service on such a reach of water as "Morton's Bay." A hurried examination revealed no name and gave no clue to the manufacturer. It was a model from which thousands have been made.

On the brow of a rock was a pile of boxes and cases. The flag floated from a staff, which was propped up by a large stone. Just below the flag was a tab or card such as express companies use, tied firmly to the flagstaff. Mr. Morton read the inscription. It was as follows:

On board the Shark, May 18th.
To Messrs. Palmer J. Morton, Andrus Carmody, John M. Rockwell, Simon Pence, R. J. Kent, Hiram Haven, Sidney Hammond and L. Sylvester Vincent, guests of Hestoria Island and Bungalow, with the compliments of
WALTER B. HESTOR.

Two of the boxes were heavy, and water was dripping from them. An examination showed that they were packed with ice. There were 15 boxes. The yawl was pushed into the water and loaded with as much of the freight as could safely be carried.

The remaining boxes were placed on the raft. The beach being clear—the tide was at its ebb—Mr. Haven and Mr. Morton walked along the cliffs and back to camp. Sidney rowed the yawl and Vincent took charge of the raft. Aided by a favoring breeze, he made good time. The boxes were deposited on the deck of "The Jumping Jupiter" and opened. There was lively curiosity concerning their contents. The first box yielded several hundred pounds of choice cuts of steak, and roasts of beef. The second one contained an assortment of legs of lamb and other fresh meats. These were at once taken to the storehouse. The meat was in excellent condition and would keep fresh for many days.

There were crates filled with vegetables, lettuce, strawberries, radishes, and all the garden luxuries of that season of the year. It was a tempting array, and L. Sylvester Vincent was in his glory. Then there were cases of champagne, a box filled with pickles, table sauces, oils, etc. There was a supply of fresh meat and vegetables sufficient to last a week or ten days, even if the castaways used nothing from the boundless resources of the island.

"A sirloin steak will taste good again," said Mr. Kent as he hammered the top from the last box. He displayed to view a top layer of the latest magazines. Then he found a number of new books and a varied assortment of May publications. In the bottom of the box were copies of newspapers. There was a rush for these papers.

There were copies of the New York papers dated from May 2d to May 12th, also copies of New Orleans papers as late as May 14th. In addition to these were copies of Chicago and Philadelphia papers from the time of their departure from New York up to dates comparatively recent.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Rockwell, after ten minutes had elapsed, "we have read enough to indicate that none of our families has suffered from death or serious illness up to the time these papers were printed. We can postpone a study of less important matters until our morning's work is done. Let us proceed to our task and do our reading later."

This suggestion was agreed to, and Vincent carried the precious box to the bungalow. The news from the great outside world from which they were separated acted as a stimulus to their energies. It was nearly 11 o'clock before Mr. Carmody gave the signal to cease, and they returned to the big dining room, where a tempting dinner awaited them.

There was no afternoon siesta that day. In the bright sunlight, the veranda was alive with flaming headlines and rustling newspapers. For two hours scarcely a word was spoken. Each man read in silence; intent on those items of news in which he had a personal interest. Again they lived over the events of the 18 days which had passed—this time not on the decks of a yacht, or in a tropical wilderness, but in New York.

L. Sylvester Vincent broke the spell. He had searched paper after paper and finally came upon a modest item in The New York Record announcing his disappearance.

"I don't seem to cut much ice in this mystery," he said in an aggrieved tone.



THERE WAS A ROAR OF LAUGHTER. There was a roar of laughter, in which Vincent joined.

"Never mind, Vincent," said Mr. Kent, "you are the only one in the party who will quit winner on this deal. If you save those beastly idols, you will be fairly rich, and your picture will be in all the papers. You will yet be famous. Did you see this, Mr. Rockwell?"

Mr. Kent read the following from The Record May 4th:

"It is a matter of sincere regret that Mr. Walter B. Hestor, the famous special correspondent of The New York Record, left this city on a cruise through the Mediterranean shortly before this outrage occurred. All westbound steamers have been requested to communicate the facts to Mr. Hestor, in order that his services may be secured at the earliest possible moment. No journalist living is better qualified to unravel a mystery of this character, and The Record hopes to be able to announce the co-operation of Mr. Hestor in a few days."

"I should say he was well qualified," remarked Mr. Kent. "I must give Hestor credit for rare talent in the selection of steaks and wines. The poor fellow is as crazy as a bug on most matters, but his mind is perfectly clear on Scotch whisky and cigars. By the way, Pence, did you read those articles about your will? One of the papers say you leave \$25,000,000 to endow an old ladies' home, and another says your entire fortune will be devoted to a socialist university. The Philadelphia papers claim that your money is left to indigent actors and race horse people. Is there any truth in it?"

Simon Pence looked up over his steel-rimmed spectacles and he smiled at his questioner in a good-natured way.

"You are too old a man, Kent, to believe everything you see in newspapers," Mr. Pence said, and returned to his reading.

"I have a suggestion to make," said Sidney Hammond, later in the afternoon. "If Hestor remains around these waters—as he is likely to do—there is no telling what he may attempt. It is evidently his intention that we remain where we are for an indefinite period. It is impossible to forecast what vagary his fancy may take. I doubt if he came near the bungalow last night. If it is his idea to keep us on the island and supply us with luxuries, he will object to the construction of such a boat as we now have under way. There is nothing to prevent his quietly coming in some night and towing 'The Jumping Jupiter' out to sea. This would be a calamity and we must run no chances. The yawl he has given us, is not seaworthy for more than three men. If necessary, I am ready to make the trip to the mainland in the yawl, but our best plan is to remain together and finish our boat. In the meantime, we should guard it at night. I suggest that we detail two men to night work on the boat. They can work with lanterns and guard our property at the same time."

"We will do that," said Mr. Morton. "I will gladly take the night shift for a time. Who will go with me?"

All volunteered, and Mr. Morton selected Mr. Haven as his companion.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ESCAPE FROM SOCIAL ISLAND.

The boat was rapidly nearing completion. They tested their work by weighing the hull down with rocks, but no leaks were disclosed. Each of the eight compartments seemed to be water-tight, and provision was made that in case of a leak the faulty one could be bailed out.

It had been hoped to finish "The Jumping Jupiter" by Saturday night, but this was found impossible. A heavy rain set in Saturday evening and continued all day Sunday. The day was spent in reading, and Monday morning found all much refreshed, and ready to complete the preparations for departure. There were occasional showers during the day, but it was cool. It was found possible to work without the usual afternoon respite. When six o'clock came Mr. Carmody inspected the "Jumping Jupiter" and announced that the boat was finished.

Candor compels the admission that "The Jumping Jupiter" was as ugly a craft as ever stood ready to put out to sea. In comparison, a canal boat was a model of grace, and a Hudson river raft would hesitate to recognize the prototype evolved by the builders on Social Island. The only paint was that used in outlining the name on the opposite sides of the cabin. "The Jumping Jupiter" is easily described. Imagine a 40-foot scow supporting a 24-foot cabin on top of which there were two short masts. These masts supported two lateen sails made of striped window awnings, and the sail-makers made no attempt to preserve any uniformity of design in connecting the stripes. As Mr. Kent remarked, the sails looked "like two teams of convicts engaged in a football scrimmage."

There were thwarts for three oars

on each side of the boat. A long oar served as a rudder and a crane windlass supported the rock anchor. But what "The Jumping Jupiter" lacked in beauty she made up in staunchness and utility. There was no chance for her to flounder.

"The Jumping Jupiter is all right," said Mr. Kent, as they stood off and surveyed this marine wonder. "But I object to calling the Jumping Jupiter a 'she.' There is nothing effeminate about this boat. We will call it a 'he.' It is a wonderful boat. It is also a submarine boat, isn't it, Vincent?"

"It started out that way," said Vincent, with a grin. "I hope he won't repeat that performance."

During the evening they placed such furniture and bedding on board as was needed. For two days Vincent and Mr. Pence had been cooking in preparation for the voyage. They had provided huge joints of roast beef, and enough bread to last a week or more. They placed in the storeroom of "The Jumping Jupiter" a store of canned meats and vegetables, huge bunches of bananas, pawpaws and other tropical luxuries. Everything which would hold water was pressed into service. Several casks of fresh water were placed in the hold, as also were extra stores of food, in case a storm should wash the cabin overboard. In that event it was proposed that all should seek shelter below and trust to luck and a sandy beach. The new dinghy was lashed to the roof of the cabin.

There was one thought which disturbed the prospective voyagers, though none mentioned it. Where was Hestor and the "Shark," and would he interfere with their departure? Had he observed their preparations for escape? They could not hope to make any effective fight against recapture, but every man swore to himself to resist such an outrage to the last extremity. That Monday night Sidney and Mr. Kent climbed the cliffs and scanned the sea. There was no ship or craft in sight, but for all they knew the "Shark" might be anchored behind the cliffs which jetted out from the opposite horns of the crescent which limited their range of vision north and south.

At a conference it was decided to put out to sea about 11 o'clock the following forenoon, unless the wind and weather absolutely precluded such a risk. At this hour the tide was favorable, since it swung with a strong current to the north. They aimed to circle the island to the north and head straight for the mainland; which in their opinion was not more than 150 miles to the west or southwest.

"By the way," said Sidney, "have you and Vincent put your idols on board 'The Jumping Jupiter'?"

"I have made a special compartment for them in my stateroom," said Mr. Pence. "We will put them on board to-morrow morning."

"So the good ship 'Jumping Jupiter' is to be a treasure ship, is he?" said Mr. Kent. "How about that, Mr. Carmody? Who owns 'The Jumping Jupiter'? In my opinion, we all own an equal share. Now, this gold shipment is purely a business proposition. 'The Jumping Jupiter' was designed solely as a passenger boat. Any one could tell that by looking at him. It is a great risk to ship 1,500 pounds of gold. We should charge heavy freight. I should say that we should be justified in charging not less than 25 per cent. of the value of the cargo as freight. If Pence and Vincent can use our boat to carry a lot of heathenish idols, I want to carry an equal weight in bananas. Hammond is also anxious to ship some rare wood he has found. Each of us is entitled to at least 750 pounds of freight. 'The Jumping Jupiter' cannot hold any such burden in addition to our common store of provisions and other necessities. What are we going to do about it?"

Mr. Kent winked solemnly at Mr. Carmody.

"I have thought of that," said Mr. Carmody. "I have found some beautiful marble, and would like to take back some of those carvings from the ruined temple. It certainly is not fair to let two men monopolize the carrying capacity of 'The Jumping Jupiter' for their private gain."

"That is right," said Mr. Morton. "We must be fair in this matter. I think that 25 per cent. is too low a rate. It should be at least 33 1/3 per cent. The gold is worth \$360,000, as near as we can estimate, and this will make the freight charges \$120,000. This will be divided equally among six of us, or \$20,000 each. Mr. Pence and Mr. Vincent will have \$240,000 to divide between them. As a matter of equity, we all have an equal share in this gold, since it was discovered by these men in the performance of a common duty. But we will waive that. I insist that \$120,000 is not too much to charge for freight."

"I think ten per cent. is enough," said Mr. Pence. "Be fair, gentlemen, be fair!"

"The Jumping Jupiter" has an absolute monopoly of this business," said Mr. Kent. "It is not customary for shippers to fix rates. If you and Vincent do not like our way of doing business, transfer your trade to some other firm. This is not a matter of sentiment. As a stockholder, and as a man who made the masts of 'The Jumping Jupiter,' I move you, Mr. President, that we accept this freight risk for 33 1/3 per cent. of the value of the gold, and retain the merchandise as security until such time as proper settlement is made."

[To Be Continued.]

MAY 3, 1903

7

JAY BIRD

\$100 TO INSURE.

SCARLET WILKES, 2:22 1/2,
\$15 TO INSURE.

BARON WILKES, Jr.,

BROWN, 15.2 1/2, (3) RECORD 2:23 1/4, TRIAL 2:19.

By BARON WILKES, 2:18.

1st Dam—Marinette (dam Queen Regent 2:29 1/4, Regal Nelson 2:18), by Directos 2:17.
2nd Dam—Pantalette, (Escober 2:13 1/4, Epaulat 2:19, sire of Georgina 2:07 1/4, Brumel sire of Lucile 2:07), by Princeps.
3rd Dam—Florence, (dam of Juror 2:24 1/4, Hebron 2:30), Volunteer.
4th Dam—Neil, (dam of Bateman 2:22), by Hambletonian 10.
5th Dam—Willing mare, (dam 3 to 2:40 or better), by son of American Eclipse.

BARON WILKES, JR., was worked by Jim Dodge last Fall and will be trained by him again. He says he is a trotter sure, and is bound to sire speed.

\$35.00 TO INSURE.

W. A. BACON, Jr.

MAPLEHURST FARM.
Paris, Kentucky.

SEASON OF 1903.

Wiggins,

2-year-old Race Record 2:19 1-2.

At 9 years has five Trotters Better than 2:18.

Sire of the three fastest 2-year-olds of 1902.
Sire of Katherine A. 2:14, winner of the fastest race ever trotted by a 2-year-old.
Sire of Hilgar, 2:15 1/4, winner of the fastest three-heat race ever trotted by a 2-year-old.

\$100.

With Return Privilege.

Address,
DOUGLAS THOMAS,
Paris, Kentucky.

PEACE COMMISSIONER 3.

2:25 1-4.

Two-year-old trial 2:20; half 1:08; quarter .32 1/2. Three-year-old trial 2:19; half 1:07; quarter .32.

BROWN HORSE; 15.2 1-2, FOALD 1899.

Sired by Prodigal 2:16, sire of John Nolan 2:08; Dan M. 2:00 1/2, 88 others.

1 dam Rachel 2:08 1/4, by Baron Wilkes 2:18.
Dam of Great Spirit 2:20; full sister to Bowry Belle 2:18 1/4.
Sire Bumps 2:00 1/2, Rubenstein 2:00, Oakland Baron 2:00 1/2, 97 others, dams of 181 in 2:30.

2 dam Willie Wilkes 2:28, by Geo. Wilkes 5:19, 2:23.
DAM OF
Rachel 2:08 1/4, 2:08 1/4
Great Heart 2:12 1/2, 2:12 1/2
Bowry Boy 2:15 1/4, 2:15 1/4
Bowry Belle 2:18 1/4, 2:18 1/4
Grandam Cut Glass 2:10 1/4, 2:10 1/4
and 3 others.

3 dam Sally Southworth, by Mambrino Patchen 5:8.
DAM OF
Chatterton 2:18, sire of 4 in 2:30
Willie Wilkes 2:28, 25 trotters in 2:30.
Grandam of Bowry Belle 2:18 1/4, 53 sons have 175 in 2:30.
Bowry Boy 2:15 1/4, 97 dams have 144 in 2:30.
Great Heart 2:12 1-2.
Rachel 2:08 1-4.

4 dam Puss Prall, by Mark Time.
DAM OF
Black Diamond 2:29 3-4, 3 in 2:30.
Lady Stout 2:29
Lottie Prall 2:28
dam of 5 2:30 sires.

Grandam of Cartridge 2:14 1-2
Garnett 2:20 1-2
Chatterton 2:18

PEACE COMMISSIONER 2:25 3-4, will make the season of 1903 at Brooklawn Farm, Paris, Ky.

\$25 TO INSURE.

ADDRESS,

S. D. BURBRIDGE,
Long Distance Phone 333. Rural Route 5.

STEPHON 20404

Is a dappled gray horse, foaled October 20, 1892; bred by Jacob P. Sleight, Lansing, Mich.; stands 16 1/4 hands high and weighs 1,700 pounds. This is the only purely bred and registered Percheron stallion ever offered to the public in Kentucky. He came from the Oaklawn Farms, owned by M. W. Dunham, of Wayne, Ill., the largest breeders of Percheron and French Coach horses in the world, and the owner of more prize winners than any other breeder in France or America.

PEDIGREE.

[Recorded with pedigree in the Percheron Stud Book of America.]

Gray, foaled October 20, 1892; got by Stratad 7:12 (2463); dam Abydos 9:36 (869) by Romulus 8:73 (785); 2d dam Elise by Duke de Chartres 1:52 (721).
Stratad 7:12 (2463) by Passe-Partout (1402) out of Biche (12004) by a son of Coco II (714).

Passe-Partout (1402) by Comet 104 (719) out of Sophie by Favori I (711) he by Vieux Chaslin (713) out of L'Amie by Vieux-Pierre (894), he by Coco (712).
Comet 104 (719) by French Monarch 205 (834) out of Suzanne by Cambronne.
French Monarch 205 (734) by Ilderim (5302) out of daughter of Vieux Pierre (804), etc.

Ilderim (5302) by Vieux-Chaslin (713), he by Coco (712), out of Poule by Sani Coco (712), by Mignon (715), out of Pauline by Vieux-Coco.

Mignon (715) by Jean-le-Blanc (739).
Coco II (714) by Vieux-Chaslin (713), etc., out of LaGrise by Vieux Pierre (894).
Romulus 8:79 (785) by the government approved stallion Romulus, son of Morenule out of Fleur d'Epine by the government approved stallion Cheri, he by Corbon. This horse has been shown only three times, winning first prize in each event and in one of them there were eight other entries of different draft breeds.

Stephon will make the season of 1903 at Paris Fair Grounds, at

\$10 TO INSURE A COLT.

Money due when colt comes, mare parted with or bred to another horse. A lien will be retained on all colts till service money is paid. Stephon will be in charge of Mr. T. W. Titus.

HOWARD EDWARDS, Paris, Ky.